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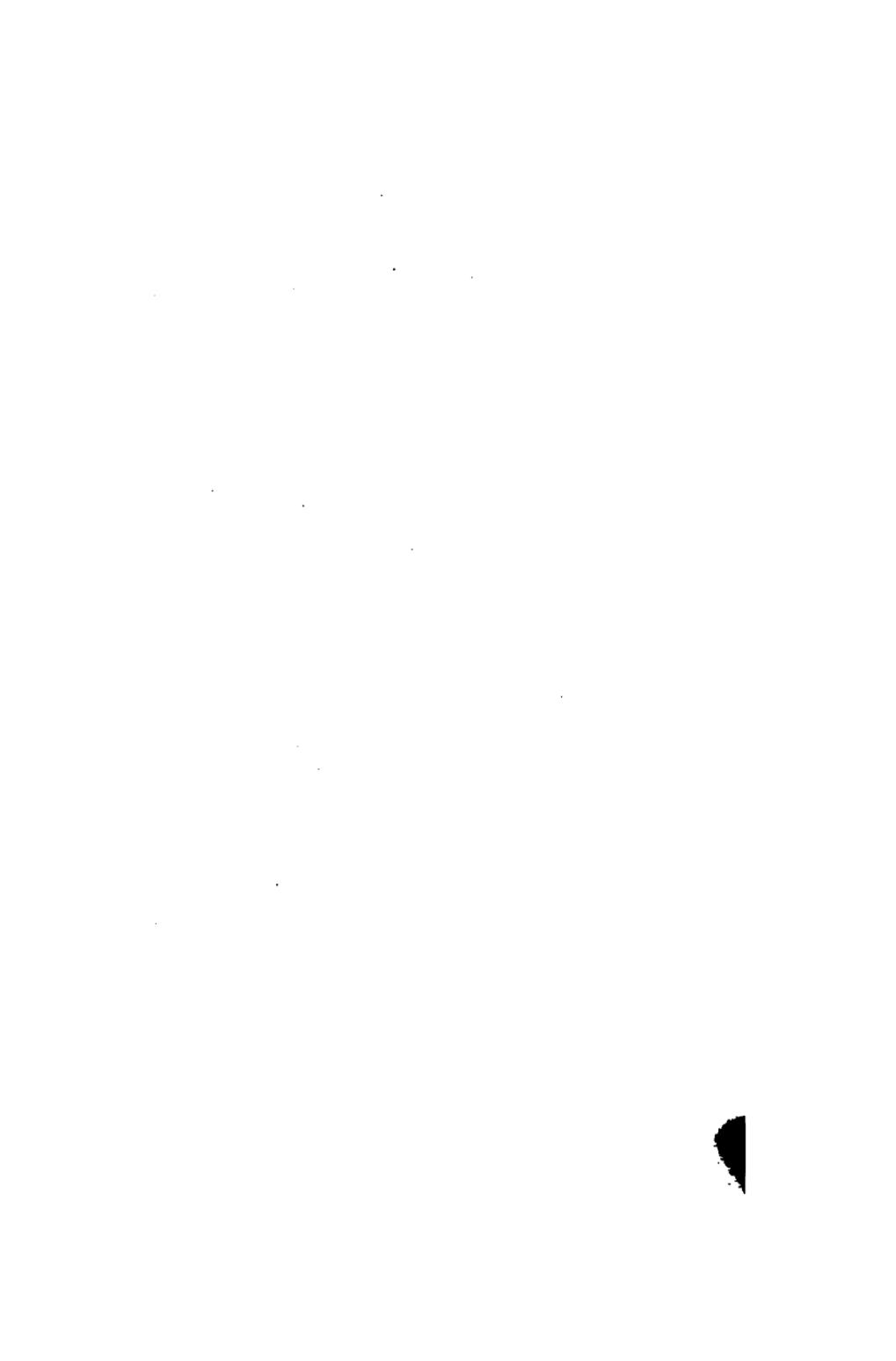
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SOLITUDE AND SOCIETY;

WITH

OTHER POEMS.

BY

JOHN R. BOLLES.

NEW YORK AND LONDON:

WILEY & PUTNAM, 161 BROADWAY:
6 WATERLOO PLACE.

NEW LONDON: COLFAX & BOLLES.

M D C C C X L V I .

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Howe's painting reveals the sky,
And Zephyr's whisper Heaven is bright!



SOLITUDE AND SOCIETY;

WITH

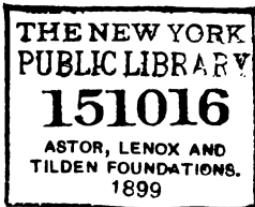
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MDCCLXVI.



Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1846,
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P R E F A C E.

THE subjects of Solitude and Society present for contemplation, themes of unbounded interest, variety, and extent. The beauty, sweetness, and grandeur, of creation—the bright, as well as the darker aspects of Society, portrayed on the page of history, or falling within the sphere of our own observation—the harmony which subsists between the constitution of man, and of external nature with which he is surrounded—the pleasures, advantages, and duties, springing from his relations to his fellow-man—his high responsibilities to his Maker, for the right use and improvement of the faculties which are given him,—rise before the mind; and doubtless it will be acknowledged by all, whatever defects may be mani-

fest in its execution, that the author has not exhausted his subject.

The Song of Faith is believed to be in harmony with Christian truth and experience.

The smaller pieces, having served as the recreation of a few leisure moments to the writer, may possibly answer the same end to the reader.

Of the hymns, coming from the heart, it may be hoped they will reach the hearts of others.

JOHN R. BOLLES.

NEW LONDON, 1846.

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SOLITUDE AND SOCIETY.

HAIL, SOLITUDE ! serene retreat !
 Within thy temple fair,
What varied forms of beauty meet !
And to my parchéd lips, how sweet
 Thy crystal waters are !

Mountains gird thy peaceful coast,
O'er thee watch the starry host—
With the dashing waterfall
Blends the tuneful madrigal ;—
Fancy's bright, ethereal band
Smile upon this sacred land !



Free from rankling strife and care
Nature's songsters carol' there,

Tenants of the wood !

Gladness strikes a thousand strings,
Hope, rejoicing, spreads its wings,
Heaven o'er earth a mantle flings

In her solitude !

There the spirit lightsome soars,
Joy unlocks her hidden stores

To the heart and eye,

Richer than thy hoarded treasures,
Fairer than thy gilded pleasures,

Proud Society !

Morning's glad, reviving ray,
Eve's emblazoned drapery,
Stars in glistening armor bright,
Wakeful sentinels of night !

Silver stream, and grotto wild,
All beloved of nature's child,
All that's fair to soul or sense,
Breathe on him sweet influence.

His robes are woven in the sky,
[REDACTED] robes, of sunbeam dye !

Over him the veteran trees
Wave their banners to the breeze ;
Flowery banks, and dark alcove,
Whisper of repose and love.

For him the myriad insect throng
Their merry cadences prolong—
For him, through night's embowering shade,
Strike up their tuneful serenade ;
While winds that o'er the forests sweep,
That wake the anthem of the deep,
Stir thousand chords that never sleep !

For the brow oppressed with care,
Nature twines a garland fair,
Stamps her beaming impress there ;—
Around him is their glory thrown,
Who feels the earth and sky his own,
Who reads, upon their page enrolled,
Truth's wondrous lessons, manifold.

Where the sweet gales wander forth,
And the fairest flowers have birth,
And the heavens smile on earth—

Freer, through the veins of youth,
Circling flows the crimson tide,
Brighter, through the soul of truth,
Forms of love and beauty glide !

Hark ! the wild bees' cheerful hum,
And the wood-bird's hollow drum,¹
All kind voices bid to come.

Sweet meditation leads the way,
The smiling graces round her play,
With lightsome foot and sparkling eye,
They move to nature's minstrelsy.

There, in the deep and mossy dell,
Concealed from vulgar sight,
Springs up, O Truth ! thy living well,
And pours its waters bright.

Who treads upon that hallowed ground
With open ear and eye,
And heeds not in each rustling sound
That angel steps draw nigh—
Or in the light that glances round,
Their pinions waving by ?

Or who beholds those radiant spheres
That throng the heavenly plain,
Night's holy worshippers ! nor hears
The music of their strain ?

Delighted, I've roamed in the summer away,
Unseen, and unheard, by the river to stray,
To recline on its banks, to bathe in its flood,
Or to muse in the depths of a neighboring wood,
Where parting boughs reveal the sky,
And zephyrs whisper heaven is nigh !
I have watched the bright stars, in their beauty
displayed,
I have seen the fair moon, in her glory arrayed—
Fair moon, and bright stars, are companions most dear,
And utter high truths in my listening ear;
I have drunk alone, of the gushing streams,
With a wild hart's thirst and a poet's dreams ;
I have climbed the high rock and looked quietly down,
Unmoved by earth's pity, its praise, or its frown ;
With the bird on the tree, with the leaf and the
flower,
I have sung and laughed, in a gladsome hour—

Yes, the bird's artless song hath music for me,
Excelling the organ's loud minstrelsy ;—
At night, at noon, at the dawning of day,
I have left the world, and hied me away,

Where to my enraptured eye,
Spread the river and the sky,
And the forest's mingled dye—
Or by softly rippling brook,
Sunny lawn, or shady nook,
Turned the leaves of nature's book ;
Wandering with footstep light
Where the buttercups are bright,
Or the wild rose blushing fair,
Breathes its fragrance on the air ;
Sat beneath the arching trees,
Drank the cool, refreshing breeze ;
Violets peeping from the ground,
Honeysuckles blooming round,
Free upon those broad domains
Where no tyrant forges chains,
Where the gentle lilies rest
On the placid water's breast,
Joyous lambs, with bounding feet,
Lightly press the herbage sweet,

Hummingbirds, with busy wing,
Flit around the flower-girt spring,
And the bobolinks, with glee,
Link the chain of melody—
Hailed the sun from scented bower,
Brushed the dew, and plucked the flower,
Smiled upon the tempest's shock,
Sheltered by the beetling rock ;
When the billows lashed the shore,
Listened to the ocean's roar,
Looking down with calm disdain
On a monarch's courtly train ;—
Peaceful joys that round me wait,
Fly the crowded halls of state.

Within thy gates, O Solitude !
Tumultuous foes shall ne'er intrude ;
Safety and peace, fair sisters, meet,
And virtue shares their happy seat.

Here my thoughts within I turn,
Here I strive myself to learn ;
Rightly schooled, I wiser grow,
Both myself and others know.

Nature, kind instructress, here
Speaks to each attentive ear
Words of welcome, words of cheer ;—
Lake and wood before thee lie,
Tinged with sunset's golden dye,
All that's beautiful and bright
Waits for the admiring sight ;
Hasten to her blest retreat,
Quaff her fountains, pure and sweet,
Mirth and song thy coming greet ;
Through the deep sequestered grove
Rings the melody of love !

Is there music in thy soul ?
Bid the flowing numbers roll ;
With the joyous earth and sea,
Tune thy thoughts to harmony.

LET the anchorite wander the wild wood through,
When the earth is bright and the sky is blue,
Let him dance with the flowers, and sing to the trees,
Wasting his notes on the viewless breeze—

But more I love society,

And would not choose to be
Alone, beneath the glorious sky,
Where fountains gush, and light winds sigh,

And nature's voice is melody ;
Nor would I spend life's fleeting hours
'Mongst rocky cliffs, and shady bowers,
Talking to birds, or culling flowers,

Or by the shell-girt sea ;

I have tasted these streams, and rejoiced in them all,
And returned to the world at a nobler call.

Not the mountain's hoary head,
Not the ocean's coral bed,
Silent lake, or darkling wood,
Ancient realms of solitude !
Not the twilight's dewy breath,
Night's majestic starry wreath,

Fairest forms of earth or sky,
Charm like thee, Society !

Who in the rifted rock would hide,
Bask on the hillock's sunny side,
And drink where trickling waters glide,
Range with the herds, an honored guest,
Nor go of fairer joys in quest—
In fancy's realm, may rear a throne,
And there, unenvied, reign alone ;—
My busier feet would ne'er intrude,
To break the charm of solitude,
Or but to bear the captive thence
To higher walks of excellence.

Sport on the mountain,
Stroll in the wood,
Sip at the fountain,
Plunge in the flood !
Where for his luscious feast
Ranges the hungry beast,
Where, through the billows dark,
Courses the bloody shark !



What's right, enthusiast, let thy heart inquire,
Nor give loose rein to every wild desire.
Where duty points, there let thy footsteps tend,
Regardless who 's thy foe, if God 's thy friend.
Unnumbered blessings flow from Heaven's high throne
To all mankind, and countless worlds unknown ;
The cheerful sun shines not for thee alone ;—
Expand thy thoughts, let thy affections rise,
Encircle earth, and reach the lofty skies ;
The needy succor, and the lost restore,
Say to the erring, Turn, and sin no more ;
Counsel and comfort let thy lips dispense,
Rebuke the wicked, shelter innocence ;
Let helpless orphans feel thy tender care,
And widowed age thy generous bounty share ;
Bid feeblest virtue in thy presence live,
And blooming peace, as erst in Eden, thrive ;
E'en to unworthy man, this bliss is given,
To spread o'er sinful earth the robe of heaven !

Then hasten back, with lightsome speed,
Nor longer haunt the flowery mead ;
Of amaranthine virtues, bind
A wreath for the immortal mind.

Wake to life thy drowsy powers,
Cheerful, share the social hours ;
Voice of song, and pleasant books,
Heartfelt words, and kindly looks—
Now, they beckon thee to come,
Wayward truant ! hasten home.

Beauty, and Love, and Friendship, join,
And wait to blend their tones with thine,
 In melody, as sweet
As though some seraph touched the strings,
As soft he waved his starry wings
 Above their blissful seat ;
So happily the moments fly,
While heart meets heart, as eye meets eye.
Lo ! where the heavenly dews descend,
The clustering flowerets heavenward tend.

Now I long to be among
Yonder congregated throng,
Leafy boughs above their head,
Earth with bloom is carpeted,
Heaven's o'er-arching canopy
Lifts the thoughts above the sky ;



Truth unseals its holy spring,
Pours the fervent offering,
With sweet converse they return,
And their hearts within them burn.

The world presents a thousand schools,
Where all may learn, save willing fools.
To know thyself, is that thy care ?
Go view thy living portrait there.
In each the springs of action rise,
The same in nature, not in size ;
If subject all to truth's control,
Holy and innocent the whole.
Without the rein, the steed runs wild,
So, left uncurbed, does nature's child.
Those in the happiest orbits move,
Whose ample powers are swayed by love ;
Love, like the stone so famed of old,
Whate'er it touches, turns to gold.

Who walketh with the wise, shall wiser be,
Such is the law of man's affinity ;
Tinder, without the spark, would never blaze,
Let not thy mind reject the kindling rays ;

Improve the gifts which Providence has strown
Around thy way, thus all becomes thy own.
All light is borrowed to the human mind,
Come whence it may, from God, or from thy kind ;
His instruments they are, to serve his will,
And he, through them, conveys instruction still ;
But for the radiance of reflected light,
The world were darkness, though the sun were bright!

In the great exchange of thought,
Richest gems are freely bought ;
They who bring a share of sense,
Wiser go and better, thence.

O, then, from idle fancies turn,
He is not wise who scorns to learn.
The portals of Society
Shall gently swing, and welcome thee ;
And when thy brow is dark with care,
Some brighter face shall cheer thee there,
Or in the fountains, pure and deep,
Of sympathy, thy griefs shall sleep.
There, life's choicest fruits we find,
Treasures garnered for the mind ;



Wisdom, knowledge, common sense,
Shed around their influence,
While he who lives from man exiled,
Like Caspar Hauser, lives a child.

To life, to joy, to duty, come,
Nor, with the wild deer, wilder roam,
Let nobler aims inspire thy soul,
And nobler thoughts thy breast control.

In the forest, dank and deep,
Where the stealthy waters creep,
Where the bending willows weep,
Nightshade, adder's-grass, and brake,
In shadows fold the coiling snake—
Watch ! there lurks the hidden sprite
Of happiness—a serpent's bite !

Oft, as the hapless wanderer roves
Through devious ways and tangled groves,
A wildering charm comes o'er the soul,
And shuts from him the distant goal ;
Then awful night ascends his throne,
And puts his sable vestments on ;

Jack-with-a-lantern near him plays,
And lures him with deceitful rays—
His path by mazy wanderings crossed,
His mind, as in a whirlpool, lost ;—
The night-bird, wheeling o'er him, flies,
And screeching voices round him rise ;—
Perplexed with fear, he thus complains,
And wildly pours his mournful strains :
Where am I ? Whither do I tend ?
Without a compass, and without a friend ;
If e'er my heart in lightsome mood
Has sung the joys of solitude,
Here I renounce and spurn them all,
And loudly for assistance call—
Some cordial hand were welcome then,
To lead to the abodes of men.

Dwells in thy breast a beating heart ?
And can it live from all apart ?
With others' bonds, art thou not bound ?
Canst thou not heal the sufferer's wound ?

Poverty, and deep distress,
Innocence, that claims redress,

Pale disease, and racking pain,
Call on the recluse in vain.
Forth ! and act a noble part,
Gently bind the broken heart—
Love extracts affliction's dart.

Not the moon or the stars, in their nightly patrol,
Can shelter or guard the defenceless soul,
But sympathy, borne on its healing wings,
Intrusted with timely offerings,
Can cure all these ills, and relieve all these stings.

When thy spirit sinketh low,
Seek the drear abodes of wo,
Misery's path with kindness strow ;—
They who learn to soothe and bless,
Taste an angel's happiness.

For service thus rendered, how pleasant to hear
The voice of thanksgiving, and grateful cheer,
And to witness upstarting the joyous tear !

O, not to be compared with these
Are nature's finest melodies
Which so entrance thine ear !

But dreadful the doom of that haughtiest one
Of monarchs, who filled an imperial throne,
While banished afar on a dreary isle,
To die there, alone, unblessed with a smile,
A penalty meet for the crimes he had done !

Hast thou listened to nature, ~*reathing song,
Enraptured, stolen her altars among,
And learned high truths from her holy tongue,
While earth and skies responsive rung ?
With gladsome heart those strains prolong,
Till thousands catch the inspiring airs,
And thy pure joys enkindle theirs ;—
Nor let thine ear attend in vain
The lessons of that sparkling train,
Which nightly fill the ethereal plain !

“ From celestial heights we gaze,
Blessing earth with friendly rays,
Love’s vast purpose to fulfil,
On high errands coursing still ;
Emblems of immortal truth
Shine we, in perpetual youth,

Crown the dusky brow of night
With a diadem of light.

Ever-glowing be thy heart,
Never swerving, act thy part,
Guided by the heavenly chart ;—
Darksome be thy way, or clear,
Onward move, in truth's bright sphere.”

Thus the grand orchestra above
Still chant their messages of love,
In strains of light, from lips of fire,
And shall they not thy soul inspire ?

Or look at the dewdrops, and hear what they say,
When they catch the first glimpse of the monarch
of day,

They drink in his beams, but do not refuse
Around, and above, to reflect the glad hues.

The sun, when he rose on our newborn earth,
Attested his high and illustrious birth,
By shedding his light and his glory on all—
Thus the blessings of heaven impartially fall ;

And O, if thy course shall be lofty and true,
Like him thou shalt shine, when concealed from our
view,
Like the sun's glowing tints on the sky at even,
Thou shalt leave the bright trace of thy path to heaven!.

Hast thou ne'er felt at duty's call
One high resolve, surpassing all
The grandeur of this earthly ball ?
A brighter joy, at duty done,
Than beams from yon resplendent sun ?
Or when in rapt, romantic mood,
On mountain top, or deepest wood,
Hast thou had never cause to say,
At night, alas ! I've lost a day ?



WHEN angels, from the starry height,
Joyful to earth appear,
Clothed in the beams of heaven's own light,
Breathing its atmosphere,
Through bustling street, and crowded mart,
Do they their blissful news impart ?
No ! shepherds hear the midnight song,
And mountain airs the strains prolong.

The wakeful stars,
Bright choristers,
All glittering,
That rise and sing
To notes melodious,
In concert sweet
Our spirits greet,
Hymning pure thoughts to us.

But not in life's gay fluttering round,
Is charity, the fairest found ;
The heavenly form, in light arrayed,
Beams brightest in the darkest shade !

From sweet retirement's sacred bower,
Virtue derives a quickening power—
Dews of the night refresh the flower ;
To nature's song thine ear incline,
Truth, all melodious, swells each line,
Her lessons in thy heart enshrine !

O'er solitude's celestial spring,
Peace, Love, and Truth, are hovering ;
There Genius dips his radiant wing,
Ere, on the beams of rosy light,
He speeds through earth his dazzling flight,
Or 'tempts the proud aerial height ;—
There, sage-like, Contemplation dwells,
Learning unveils its numerous cells ;—
There, Wisdom ope's her shining gate,
Around, her blest attendants wait,
Bright Fancy waves her sportive pinions,
And Music, through these fair dominions,
 Music, daughter of the skies,
 Pours her gushing harmonies.
Rocks and hills the notes prolong,
Flowing streamlets murmur song,

Rustling groves the strains repeat,
Ever swelling, ever sweet—
Music, daughter of the skies,
Fills the air with symphonies!

Alone, the famed Demosthenes,
Mid the wild roar of dashing seas,
Learned passion's fiercer wave t' appease;—
From nature's deep-toned melodies,
So Orpheus gained the art to please.

Mountains, nor woods, nor streams, around,
Nor savage beasts, resist the sound,
By the soft notes, enraptured, bound,
Of his entrancing lyre;
That lyre, the glittering stars among,
Now, to the touch of seraph strung,
Bears the rapt listener higher!

Who walketh with the wise shall wiser grow,
But who are wise, he must be wise to know:
While puny alders in the thicket stand,
The lonely oak is monarch of the land,
Man's nobler powers in solitude expand.

But few, indeed, of all the great and good
Of thy own day, have in thy presence stood;
Unseen, if they instruct thee, then confess
Their power, even thee, in solitude to bless;
Their name's sweet odor fills the ambient air,
And breathing millions in their virtues share!

Inspired by heavenly truth, lo ! sages rise
In every age, as stars adorn the skies,
Beam through retirement's shade, and bless our eyes.
When night shall wrap the drowsy earth in sleep,
Be theirs the chosen company I keep.

In lone retreat, who seeks, may find
Treasures untold, for heart and mind,
New strength, and happiness refined.

Great Cincinnatus, from the shade
Was twice, by Rome, a ruler made,
And twice, victorious arms displayed ;
But nobly spurning wealth and power,
As oft he sought the peaceful bower.

O, hadst thou heavenly wisdom known,
Like Enoch, walked with God alone,

Peace, love, and joy, had been thy own—
Learn truth, and thou shalt yet confess,
In solitude there's happiness.

To shades of deep tranquillity,
To virtue's sacred temple flee,
And let thine eye, with strictest care,
Survey the scales of justice there,
And widely let thy lips dispense
The lessons thou may'st gather thence ;
So wisdom shall attend thy side,
And reason be thy faithful guide.

Nor deem thou that a misspent day,
Which, in rapt musing, glides away ;
When the breath of morn, so enchantingly sweet,
Allures afar to some wild retreat,
When the mighty sun, with orient beams,
Showers on the soul celestial gleams,
Around, his bright'ning lustre pours,
Till all within the heart adores ;
Borne in his shining chariot,
I've ranged the fields of golden thought,

And plucked from the celestial bowers
Garlands of never-fading flowers,
And brought them to this world of ours—
 And was that sight not worth the seeing ?
Or when, in glories of mid-day,
I've known, and felt, and owned his sway,
Am I not taught that Power to obey,
 Which gave the sun his being ?
How blest, how happy must he be,
Who, with the earth, the sky, and sea,
 Holds most endeared society,
Who, with a poet's ravished ears,
Drinks in the music of the spheres,
 Their beauty, with his eye !

Even now, my spirit seems to be
Attuned to nature's minstrelsy ;
Even now, she beckons me away,
To spend alone the wasting' day,
As memory, in sparkling dews,
Sheds on the past her rainbow hues ;
When erst Imagination, soaring
Above, the heavenly seats exploring,
Bore down to me, on joyous wings,



Glimpses of angel pencilings,
Sweet murmurs from ethereal strings ;—
Humbler, and happier, have I stood
Low at thy feet, fair Solitude !
Whate'er I may confess or say,
With thee I've never lost a day,
But borne the richest spoils away—
Yes, truths of high and holy meaning,
Are trophies meet for fancy's gleaning.

As the rude earth, with flower and tree,
Yields honey to the industrious bee,
So nature's realm of poetry
Is open to the observant eye ;
For man, does choicest incense rise,
For him, drops nectar from the skies,
And truth unveils its mysteries—
And nature rears her azure hall,
Holding one general festival !

As all fair colors in the light,
Combined, display the purest white,
So nature's varied parts agree
To form one perfect harmony.

From lofty mountain, from the hills,
Proud crag, and verdant lea,
From ocean deep, from purling rills,
Instruction flows to me.

When lightnings gleam along the sky,
When awful thunders roar,
To Him, I feel my spirit nigh,
Whom seraphs bow before.

In the dark, gathering storm, I view
The dangers I must face,
And in the bright, returning blue,
Love's milder tokens trace.

The rising sun, the bending flower,
His might and glory teach,
But O ! the hidings of his power
No human thought can reach.

Displayed through all creation's lines,
Is wisdom's teeming lore,
Who digs the deepest in her mines,
Most humbly, shall adore.



Who in this glorious temple stands,
This wondrous house, not made with hands,
And sees, not to admire ?
Who contemplates the splendors high,
Of yon ethereal, vaulted sky,
And the eternal choir,
And does not feel his heart aspire
For truth and beauty,
His spirit freer soar, and higher,
On wings of duty ?

As when the sun darts forth his golden beams,
Stars disappear, as daylight scatters dreams,
So truth, resplendent with celestial blaze,
Seeks not to conquer, but diffuse its rays,
Achieving thus the brightest victories !

Whilst o'er thy realms I cast my tearful eye,
Thy realms remurmur with a deepening sigh,
Oh ! who can tell thy woes, Society ?
Thy woes, thy crimes, thy nameless wrongs,
Were burden for a thousand tongues.

May He who bids the lightning fly,
Whose thunder shakes the empyrean sky,
With needful strength my heart supply,
With heavenly light illume mine eye,
That I earth's wasting evils may survey,
Beneath thy prowling reign, Society !
Unmask, and bear them to the light of day.

As clouds that gather on the sultry skies,
Winged by the blast, in quick succession rise,
Dark, and more dark, the thickening hosts appear,
Till one dread gloom involves the hemisphere,
So thick, so black, they rush upon my sight,
Those countless ills that shroud the world in night!

Beneath that dome of pampered luxury
Pass days of sloth, and nights of revelry,
In mockery of the woes that sadden earth,
With jest and song, o'erflows the cup of mirth ;
Unbidden age comes on with stealthy haste,
As thus life's golden moments run to waste,
While biting hunger seeks some menial's shed,
Scorn of the proud, who rob them of their bread,
And there, on human blood, its vampire thirst is fed.



Wrenched from the earnings of the poor, oppressed,
See worthless tyrants in their purple dressed ;
A withering glance sits wakeful in their eye—
That glance 't is thine to bear, O poverty !
Rough Boreas thus turns up his frosty nose,
And from his icy caves the killing winter blows.
If fortune smiles, as fortune does by turns,
A glowing friendship in their bosom burns :
Detested race of fawning flatterers all,
Whose feet, to crush thee, only wait thy fall !

Unmindful of the poor about their way,
See those who loudly vaunt their charity ;
While sounding trumpets spread abroad their fame,
And hills send back the echo of their name,
In widows' hearts the wound has opened wide,
And precious blood has flowed to swell the tide—
Proudly the curling smoke ascends the skies,
But Heaven is just, and spurns the sacrifice !

Steeped in corruption, see the Love of Gain,
With hasty march, lead on his sordid train,
They barter health
For cankering wealth,

And practise serpent wiles,
They lick the dust,
And crawling trust
Alone, in Mammon's smiles.

Listen ! as they pass along,
Flows, or seems to flow, the song.
“ When the sunset decks the sky,
We will never raise the eye,
When the moon resplendent shines,
We will search the glimmering mines ;
Unto us the gold appears
Brighter than the starry spheres,
God of wealth ! for ever be
Ours, the bliss to worship thee.”

In cities pent, where noxious fumes arise,
And the foul air shuts out the ethereal skies,
Disease, abroad, on murky pinions flies,
And pining Want stalks round, and squalid Miseries.
There, man to man a visor wears,
The treacherous ground is spread with snares ;
There, Crime throws wide its dismal gate ;
Murder, and Lust, and vengeful Hate,
High-priests, around its altar wait ;—



But Love's offended angel flies
Their damning rites and mysteries ;
Like rain, though blood bedews the ground,
Still there, the foolish herd around,
As beasts for sacrifice !

When warring passions in the human breast
Mock all restraint, and Reason's calm behest,
Wild and tumultuous, the billows roll,
The foaming vengeance circles in the bowl :
Who then shall stand in Honor's noble cause ?
Who find protection in the insulted laws ?
Some vast volcano thus with scorching breath,
Pours, far and wide, the waves of molten death !

Lured by the splendors of a transient hour,
See mortal man pursue his dream of power ;
A base ambition festers in his mind,
To be the greatest of his equal kind ;
Proudly he lifts his footsteps to the sky,
The dawning conquest flashes in his eye ;
Where'er he turns, destruction marks his way,
And innocence is doomed the spoiler's prey ;

To place the crown upon one conqueror's head,
Rivers are swelled with blood, the fields are piled
with dead !

From Sinai went a fiery law,
The people heard, with trembling awe,
The King of kings asserts his sway ;
Give ear, O mortals ! and obey.
In righteousness Jehovah reigns,
Judgment and truth his arm maintains,
While mercy, more than sovereign might,
Blest mercy ! still is his delight.
But dark and dread the laws of men,
In human blood is dipped their pen ;
See, Virtue wears a galling chain,
And Honor in her court is slain ;
On fallen truth and equity
Thy throne is reared, Iniquity !
Heartless, and ready to devour,
Corruption sits, and wanton power ;
Pierced in her temple, wounded Justice cries,
And Pity, like a victim, bound for sacrifice,
Pours her complaint, and on the altar dies !



Effulgence of celestial birth,
Chaste Freedom moves to bless the earth ;
Gladness before her presence springs,
And safety dwells beneath her wings ;
Consort of truth ! by all admired,
Shining, in heavenly robes attired—
Say, is thy beauteous form defaced ?
And is thy lovely soul debased ?
Partner of every debauchee,
Who loudly swears his love to thee ?
Say, art thou in the shambles sold ?
And is thy beauty bought for gold ?
No ! for, with Truth, thou reignest yet,
And Virtue gems thy coronet ;
Away from earth ! thy shade alone
Is left to man, and left thy vacant throne.
But who shall tell what shameless deeds are done
In thy fair name, O Liberty ! beneath the blushing
sun !³

But chief, thou fairer ! may I call thy name ?
Heaven's choicest gift ! Religion ! still the same,
Thou hast a cordial for the sinking mind
Which leaves the world, and leaves its sins behind ;

Immortal fruits, and living springs, in thee
Abound and flow, through all eternity ;
Wisdom, and joy, and righteousness, and peace,
Are thine, and still, with endless years, increase ;
Enthroned with holiness and light above,
Thou shedst abroad the cheering rays of love ;
Dispensing mercies with a hand divine,
Reign on, blest Power ! and in thy glory shine.
But persecution spreads its deadly flame,
And swords are pointed in thy peaceful name.
Who dyed their footsteps on the Syrian shore ?
Who purpled Salem with a flood of gore ?⁴
Dread, as of old, the fabled voice of fate,
Is holy, sacred, and religious hate ;
Most furious, unrelenting, is the rod
Which man's blind conscience seizes in the name
of God ;
Most shocking is the indulgence given
To sin, in the great name of Heaven !⁵
Earthquakes, volcanoes, thunderbolts, for thee
Have rent, upheaved, and smote society ;
For thee, for thee, the vilest crimes have birth,
Which e'er, since Adam, cursed our fallen earth !

But why recount the abominable deeds ?
Creation groans, while man the sufferer bleeds ;
The world's deep shadow overwhelms my sight,
O ! had I wings, those wings should speed my flight!

There, Selfishness, that one-eyed giant, reigns,
Holding his subjects fast in icy chains ;
With eagle glance, they catch their sovereign's nod,
Alike apostate to their race and God !

There Might, restless monarch, rears his throne,
While prostrate millions, crushed beneath it, groan ;
Low at his footstool Mercy vainly pleads,
Or flies his presence, clad in mourning weeds !

As stronger fish the weaker ones devour,
Preys man on man, the despot of an hour :
He scapes destruction, who eludes his power.

There, man is in the market sold,
And blood is weighed and prized by gold :
Thy wrongs, Society ! were never told.

Shut from the glories of the open sky,
In gloomy mines, the toil-spent laborers die,

The car of wealth rolls o'er the breast of infancy—
From bleeding hearts the fountain is supplied,
In which the purple robes of royalty are dyed !

While stately vessels plough the rolling deep,
See pride and avarice their vigils keep—
The winds that waft them, tides that never sleep !
But bowed humanity must bear and weep.⁷

For pomp and luxury, the world demands
The weary labor of unnumbered hands ;
To deck a fop, man's wasted powers are spent,
Those godlike powers for nobler purpose lent.

Falsehood, deceit, and cold mistrust,
The secret, and the open thrust,
The hollow heart, the base contemptuous sneer,
The brood of malice, wait to meet thee here.

See friends, once loving, strike the fatal blow—
Such love is found to blossom here below ;
Like butterflies, they throng thy sunny way,
Like them, forsake thee on a cloudy day,
Even while they kiss, they purpose to betray ;—



Through the fair guise, couldst thou but clearly see,
Their love, or hatred, were the same to thee.

See those, ungrateful, who thy kindness share,
See love, and friendship, wasted on the air!

Nursed by superstition, rise
Wild, fantastic vagaries,⁸
Mind, by mind more keenly whet,
Struggles to be wilder yet,
Breathes, from the infected air,
All the venom wasted there ;
Then, where the unwary treads,
Around, the fell contagion spreads ;
Turning from the source of light,
Fires they kindle, darkening night !

False pleasure lures her votaries to betray,
With fairy step she glances round thy way ;
But happier thou, if true to reason's sway—
Thy breast with holier thoughts inspired,
Thy spirit with pure transport fired.
Beneath her chariot-wheels, lo ! thousands bend,
My weeping eyes have seen their dreadful end ;—

So Juggernaut, gay idol of the East,
Crushes the heart, and makes of blood its feast!

There, Fashion holds her glittering court,
And there, the giddy tribes resort.

 On tiptoe all,
 Slight waves her hand,
 The obsequious band
 Now rise, now fall ;
 With mincing feet
 They crowd her seat,
 And lisping, praise her thrall :
So insects swarm upon a summer's day—
Anon, you look, and they have passed away.

There Party reigns, mighty in church and state,
Party, the nurse of brawling strife and hate ;
Fetters she forges for the freeborn mind,
With magic wand she strikes her votaries blind ;
Headlong they follow in the rattling train,
No leagues control them, and no laws restrain,
But truth and liberty, beneath the grinding wheels,
 are slain !



Conflicting views on every question meet,
To extend a nation, or to mend a street,
One stoutly this, the other that, defends,
One impulse moves them, but to different ends,
As each alike pursues the beau ideal
Of his own interest, supposed or real ;
From the vain clamor let the wise retire ;—
Earth were consumed, if wasted breath were fire !

Mad Speculation fastens on the mind,
Boastful, delusive, ignorant, and blind,
It trails a length of evils on mankind ;—
To grace its orgies, hecatombs are slain,
And wreck, and spoils, and wounded, strew the
plain.

The enchantment spreading through the eager throng,
The Circean cup flows round, and flows the song,
They rush, like millers to the candle's blaze,
Nor learn, till singed, the folly of their ways.

See there, in Protean shape, Corruption rise !
Infection darting from his Argus eyes—
Even now, he seizes on some hapless prize,

Storms virtue's castle, leading captives thence,
And breaks thy shield, O sacred Innocence !
Thus the dire plague, on some ill-fated shore,
Sweeps thousands off, and seeks for thousands more.

Contention there uplifts his threatening form,
Bursting with ire, he rages like a storm ;—
Now, the fierce lightnings from his eyeballs glare,
Harsh thunder breaks, and vengeance fills the air !
So wrathful elements unlock their stores,
So from the clouds the rattling tempest pours,
So winds howl blustrious through the vaulted sky,
The blustrious winds from hollow caves reply.

There, Violence and horrid Blasphemies
Spread o'er the land, and darken all the skies ;
Earth reels beneath a load of agonies ;—
An evil blow is struck, Society
Seizes the sword and bids the offender die.
As from the martyrs' purple tide,
The stream of truth flows deep and wide,
'T is written on the scroll of time,
That felons' blood increases crime !^o

There, Slavery sits upon a crimson throne,
To justice blind, and deaf to misery's groan ;
With iron brow, and fiercely rolling eye,
Mark ! he derides the powers of earth and sky !
His reeking hands are warm with human gore—
Drunken with blood, he calls aloud for more.
Is there one base, one coward, traitorous soul,
That does not spurn, o'er man, his vile control ?
Ah ! sordid multitudes around him press,
His tiger form, with blandishments, caress ;
Judges and statesmen bend with reverence low,
And doubly honored, kiss his gracious toe !
He looks, he speaks, and boasting gives the nod,
The people shout, and cry, It is a god !

Intemperance there, parent of ruthless ills,
Through all the air, a leprous dew distils,
And Avarice there its greedy coffers fills.

War, unsated monster, reigns,
Drenching earth with bloody stains ;
Horrors at his bidding wait,
Spreading vengeance, breathing hate.

Fed by human sacrifice,
Pride, Ambition, Discord, rise,
Mischief plots its deep design—
These, and darker plagues, are thine !

Pleasure, Ambition, gold's insatiate thirst,
Delude, destroy, and die themselves, accursed !

There, foul Injustice stalks before the eye—
The baneful power of curtained knavery
In secret works ! Oppression rears on high
Its hideous crest, and towers to meet the sky—
In bold defiance of the God who reigns,
Who sees man's folly, and his fury chains ;—
To dens, to caves, retire the holy few,
Till judgment smites, and justice takes its due !

There Vice, envenomed serpent, lurks unseen,
Or rears in heaven's broad light its horrid mien—
Around, it casts a pestilential bane,
Charms for an hour, then riots on the slain !
O, who is safe that looks, that lingers near ?
Its folds are chains, its tongue a burnished spear ;



Heaps upon heaps, around its gaping den,
Are strown the carcasses of slaughtered men—
So Lot, admonished by an angel's voice,
Must flee or die, here lies the only choice !

Hatred, and Strife, and cursed Jealousy,
Envy, and Rage, their baleful fires supply—
From scenes like these, may Heaven divert mine
eye !

But where thy boasts, thy charms, Society ?

As the dread whirlpool of the northern main
Draws in its prey, and casts them out again,
From its dire vortex, shattered, broken, slain—
Unhelmed, uncompassed, on life's turgid sea,
So are thy victims spurned, Society !

How blest is he who shuns thy syren voice !
Who wisdom seeks, and makes that pearl his
choice—

Who scorns rude Folly, with its poisonous baits,
Fashion's dull pastimes, even to loathing, hates,
Flies the false world, escapes its dangerous snare,
Its scornful gaze, its scandal-tainted air !

O, turn thee to the peaceful glen,
Forsake the troubled haunts of men;
Look upward to the beaming sky,
List to the woodland melody!
There, sweetest converse I have known—
Not such from human lips has flown,
And Heaven has smiled on me alone!

Deeply, O deeply, on my breast,
Be Nature's living seal imprest!
Let all that's bright, below, above,
Breathe in my soul the purest love!
O, sweeter than the strains of art,
Her music breaks upon my heart—
Awake! arise! and share a part.

As the strong eagle, on adventurous flight,
Bathes his broad pinions in the liquid light,
Breasting the gale, with ever-dauntless eye,
Quits the low earth, and navigates the sky—

Mounting sublime, he drinks the ray,
Bright, streaming from the urn of day ;
So Truth, still soaring, speeds its heavenward way !

But O, how lofty, pure, and fair
As flashing rays from diamonds, are
The gifts I prize, the joys I share !

O, for a tongue as eloquent
As angel's song, in mercy sent
To utter words of high intent,
That all-inspired, I may declare
Music, till with the entrancing air
Rings the high firmament !

Dost thou revere those sacred lines
Where truth in living splendor shines ?
Or hast thou so much wiser grown,
And found 'tis good to be alone ?

The Hand that made the world so fair,
The sun and moon so bright,
That set in heaven each brilliant star,
Those sparkling founts of light !
Though all was beautiful and good,
Yet left not man in solitude.

Ah, not in vain this spacious hall
Was lit ; nor decked this gorgeous ball,
To teach, in sweet variety,
Thy blessings, O Society !

As truths, in glorious harmony,
Form one bright whole, as drops the sea,
As stars the shining galaxy,
Sublimely, all things plead for thee.

When erst to life, creation sprang,
The morning stars together sang,
The heavenly harps in concert rang ;
Thine ear the holy notes attend,
Glad notes, which rise, but never end !

Does sacred honor fill thy breast ?
Shines virtue there, with truth confess ?

Of friendship's joys art thou possest?
Thou canst not deem mankind unblest;
Even now, they spring before mine eyes,
Those blooming plants of Paradise!
Even now, life's heaven-reflecting tide
Is sweetly flowing by my side,
My heart, with dearest hearts, allied!

And never has a gentle hand
Sustained thy steps, thy spirit fanned?
Or never hast thou lent thine aid
To those whose thanks thy kindness paid?

O might such love thy thoughts control,
As swelled the great Apostle's soul,¹⁰
Thy friendship strong, and pure, and free,
Though love were not returned to thee,
More blest with Heaven's kind sympathy!

Know that from Heaven flows every grace
To thee, unthankful, and thy race;
Forbear to strike! the intended blow
For others' doom, might lay thee low.

When thorns of grief the spirit wound,
Such griefs as spring on earthly ground,
Friendship ! the holy task is thine,
To pour the needed oil, and wine :
A wondrous art thy hands employ,
To halve distress, and double joy.

The atmosphere, at times, bears death—
And shall we always hold our breath ?
Must we bow down where others bend,
And every wild caprice defend ?

When error blackens on the sight,
Fearless, yet meekly, shed thy light ;
With high-born Truth, doth well agree
That sister grace, Humility.

But dwells integrity alone in name ?
Burns not within one breast the patriot flame ?
From parts still rising to embrace the whole,
Is there not found one generous, upright soul ?
Elijah deemed all Israel went astray,
When thousands lived who trod the righteous way.

And is there not a price within thy hand,
To purchase blessings for a needy land ?
If wicked counsels gain ascendency,
The world must suffer ! Is it naught to thee ?
Dare to be just, and true to Heaven's call,
And thou shalt conquer, though the nation fall.

Be to thyself severe, to others kind,
Sweet Charity adorns the noble mind ;
Nor think thou vainly, Wisdom dwells with thee,
That man is blind, and only thou dost see ;
The loudest boaster on the martial field
Is sure, when tried, to be the first to yield.

Man is imperfect, all will freely own,
Nor less imperfect, though he stand alone.
Gold, by the fire, is parted from the dross,
And virtue, tried, but seems to suffer loss :
Actions are mirrors set before the mind,
Else, like the eye, we to ourselves were blind.
Keep thy own heart, with diligence and care,
Inhaling wisdom, free as heaven's own air !
Friends may correct thee with a gentle blow,
A foe may serve thee, if thou hast a foe ;—

That science learn which teaches thee to gain
Some real good, from pleasure, and from pain :
So bees pursue their various circles round,
And honey still in all their paths is found.¹¹

And dost thou bear within thy heart
Deep wounds from Hate's envenomed dart ;
O, then be taught the healing art ;—
Peaceful, descending from the skies,
The angel of forgiveness flies,
With heavenly balm for injuries !
So, through the clouds, the gladdening sun appears,
Smiles on the earth, and dries the falling tears ;—
Receive her blessings to thy mind,
Thy kindness shall make others kind !

May He who dwells on heaven's high hill
With wisdom's light my spirit fill,
And teach me to declare his will ;—
O, be that glory ever mine,
In Truth's bright panoply to shine !

Though dark the tale of crime and hate,
Sad tale, and mournful to relate,

And Justice will not aught abate ;—
He may not hide from man's distress,
Who has an angel's power to bless ;
Nor he, from earth's dark scenes retire,
Whose soul is lit with heavenly fire !

Of priceless lore, by thee obtained,
How much from others has been gained !
Then learn to act a manly part,
And pay the debt with willing heart ;
Bearing this lesson still in mind,
Who loves his Maker, loves mankind :
The stream by which all virtue grows,
From love's eternal fountain flows.

Whate'er thy calling, be it just and true,
In that thy hands a noble work pursue.
Is thy lot humble ? So was his whose birth
Immortal blessings brought from heaven to earth.
In every act, thy Maker's name adore,
Be this thy care, angels can do no more ;
With cheerful haste, they his commands fulfil,
Do thou the same, and with as ready will,
Deep in thy heart let sweet responses thrill !

They offer incense in a thousand ways,
O, vie with them in duty, love, and praise !
'T is not in man's condition that we find
Pictured the living glories of the mind ;
Awhile concealed, they wait their hour to rise,
Burst from their chrysalis and gain the skies.
True dignity consists in this alone,
To find one's duty, and to leave it done !
For duty, heaven's pure element, is all
That some would honor, some would glory call.

Do dangers spring around thy way ?
Then wisely gird thee for the fray ;
Serve God, and he will be thy stay !
Their hopes lie scattered in the dust,
Who make an earthly arm their trust.

O, Thou, from whom my being came !
Thy honors may my soul proclaim—
In heart, in thought, in word, and deed,
Thy gracious counsels may I heed,
And in thy name be strong indeed !
No human wisdom, strength, or power,
Shall guard me like that heavenly tower.

Armed with a sling and pebble-stone,
So went old Jesse's trusting son,
Met vain Goliath's furious boast,
And awed the proud Philistine host !

When metal, heated, feels the blow,
Around the sparks all dazzling flow !

So minds in conflict oft reveal
A burning truth, a lucid beam,
Startling from error's midnight dream—
And fierce disputants sometimes feel
Their hearts grow soft like melted steel ;—
But souls in love and truth allied,
Heave, swell, and throb, like ocean's tide,
And spread their genial influence wide !

While sunbright fields before me lie,
With leaf, and flower, of varied dye,
Fain would I strive, Society !
To bind a garland meet for thee.

How beautiful their feet, who, shod
With heavenly peace, proclaim abroad,

Salvation, in the name of God !
But not alone, the herald stands,
In foreign climes, on heathen lands,
For kindred hearts, by faith and prayer,
And willing hands, sustain him there.

From the dark power of Slavery,
From vile Intemperance, rising high,
Around, the poisoned arrows fly !—
Who shall their murderous aim defy ?
As from one torch, with lambent blaze,
A thousand torches gather rays,
Each lights again a thousand more,
Nor burns less brightly than before,
So Truth, with multiplying beams,
Through deepening ranks, all radiant streams !
Boldly her advocates arise,
Fling their broad banners to the skies,
As on to victory, they move,
The embattled hosts of light and love !

O'er realms, long bound in error's chain,
See Liberty and Justice reign,
And Earth, like Eden, smile again !

The peaceful Dove expands her wings
O'er nations, wide apart ;
She sits in palaces of kings,
And tames the savage heart.

Not the sun in splendor bright,
Not the stars which gem the night,
Rival Truth's diviner light !

See knowledge beam upon a waking world,
See emulation's canvass all unfurled ;
Diffusing round the generous arts of peace,
His toils to lessen, and his hours increase,
Man pauses not in his sublime career,
His steeds are steel, and fire his charioteer,
His thoughts are flashed along the electric way—
Thus, and not swifter, does the lightning play !
He waves his hand, the mountain opes its side,
Through dusty streets the mountain streamlets glide,
Though iron bound, the currents freely run,
The bursting fountains sparkle in the sun !
To heaven he points his telescopic gaze,
The heavens rekindle, and the planets blaze ;¹⁹

Now he descries, more wondrous is the view,
The mingled nations in a drop of dew—
Drives his swift coursers o'er the pathless main,
Or wins new conquests on the ethereal plain.

Beneath thy fostering smile, Society !
Promethean wonders greet the ravished eye ;
Not stolen thence, to mortals freely given,
Are those bright arts, the gift of bounteous Heaven !

For use and beauty, see the column rise,
And stately halls, that emulate the skies ;
The touch, when Raphael or when Phidias gives,
The canvass blushes, and the marble lives !
Now the clear image strikes upon our sight,
Traced by the sun, and pencilled with its light !
On earth, still, science sheds its quickening rays,
The earth rejoices in the friendly blaze.

Fair commerce rides majestic o'er the seas,
With spreading sails, she courts the favoring breeze—
The breezes blow, the teeming vessels glide,
With mutual gifts, are mutual wants supplied.



In varied streams does Heaven's pure bounty flow,
Those streams which gladden all the vales below,
And varied gifts does heavenly love bestow—
Beauty of person, nobler charms of mind,
Knowledge, and strength, to each a share assigned ;
While different features blend in every face,
Equal variety in thought we trace ;
Still, what one needs, another may supply,
All live in mutual dependency ;—
For the perfection of his mind and heart,
So man is formed to act a social part ;
Pursuits, as various as their natures are,
His hand provides, and free for all to share,
Who rules o'er all, and marks the falling hair.

As to the world, my glancing eyes I turn,
Blest with the sight, my thoughts with rapture burn.

There, Love and Pity shed their genial rays,
From heart to heart quick runs the kindling blaze !
To pour instruction on the darkened mind,
To warm the shivering, and to lead the blind,
Are generous hearts and ready hands combined ;
They enter now, the dreary haunts of grief,
To the lone sufferer they bring relief ;

The sweetest music breathes in each kind word,
And music, in their gentle steps, is heard ;
So smiling angels leave their peaceful bowers,
So earth is gladdened by the heavenly powers.

With tongue the dumb, with ears the deaf, are blest,
The maniac finds a home, the weary outcast rest.

As rivers, from each bubbling source,
Speed onward to the sea,
To spend, in might, their mingled force,
Unitedly, yet free—
For ever swelling in thy course,
Flow on, blest Sympathy !

When the celestial fire of thought,
By holy seraphim, is brought,
When Virtue moves to its defence,
The gathering tide of eloquence ;
When Justice, throned in blazing light,
Draws his keen sword, prepared to smite !
The vulture form of Guilt recedes,
Abashed, and flies its loathsome deeds.

Behold the ant ! and let thine eye
Its varied works and ways descry,
Pattern of social industry !
Its strength is small, its wisdom great,
Consider, learn, and imitate.

Go, view the never-tiring bee !
From balmy vale, or blooming tree,
Cheerful, it hums this song to thee—
“We live in sweet society,
By mutual aid
Our cells are made,
And there, our matchless skill displayed.”

In conflict’s fierce and turbid hour,
Go, learn thy weakness, and improve thy power ;
Heaven stoops to guide and counsel erring man,
Wisely devise, then execute the plan ;
What though rough winds assail thy trembling bark,
With dashing waves, and all thy sky is dark,
Better to face the wild tempestuous roar,
Than, like a shell, lie buried on the shore.

Lightnings flash to purify—
Storms sweep noxious vapors by—



Healthful is the mountain breeze—
Deep commotion swells the seas—
Stagnant pools exhale disease !

Uncloaked sunshine, or unbroken shade,
For earth's inhabitants was never made ;
See, wisely ordered for the common good,
All things unite ; this lesson understood,
Blend with creation's grand and deep design,
Thy varied powers, the heavenly chorus join,
And tune thy heart to melody divine.

Not one that lives, lives to himself alone,
From others' follies, learn to mend thy own ;
In all thy works, let virtue's image shine,
Enstamped with truth, be every act of thine ;
Goodness and truth have power to win
The erring from the paths of sin,
And mercy takes the wanderer in—
One soul, to righteousness restored,
To earth and heaven shall joy afford.

Who bade the ocean know its bound ?
Whose eye beholds its depths profound ?
Who fenced its wrath with bulwarks round ?



The maddened billows, foaming, rise,
Champ their strong bits, and threat the skies—
Bounding in vengeful fury high,
They dash upon the shore, then die.
Who curbs and binds the raging main,
Shall passion's fiery wave restrain ;
Earth's haughty legions shall confound,
And doubly shield fair virtue round.

Creation breathes in varied tone,
Inviting humble trust,
While rays from the eternal throne,
Beam forth, to guide the just.

Rise and shine, with lustre bright,
Great in goodness, great in might,
Pierce the realms of thickest night,
There dispense the hallowed light !
Angel guards thy ways attend,
Thee to succor and defend,
Heaven doth such a convoy send—
Seeds of gladness round thee strowing,
Peace in thy own bosom flowing ;
Better thus to seek and save,
Than retire to sullen cave.

O, wisely turn, and let thine eye
Gaze, cheerful, on Society ;
And humbly learn to gather thence
The lessons of experience.

Do Wisdom's charms allure thy mind ?
And is thy heart to Truth inclined ?
With contest still is Truth conjoined ;—
As when, upon a sleeping lake,
A stone is cast, the ripples wake,
Collision rouses in the human soul
The tide of thought, surges on surges roll !
Are thy powers dormant ? Go into the world,
Where stones are thrown, and furious missiles hurled.

Progressing ever, in thy high career,
New realms await thee, brightens sphere on sphere !
Then let thine eye the unbounded prospect trace,
There's room before thee ! Who shall limit space ?

And be thou humble, in thy walk below,
Who knows the most, sees yet the most to know ;
When wider light encircles us around,
Still wider darkness does the vision bound.

But turning from the fair survey,
From broad, resplendent, golden day,
To sunless shades, we take our way—
Some wandering star, or meteor's glare,
May pierce the lurid darkness there.
Behold, for I will not intrude,
The murky realms of Solitude !
Indolence, with palsied hand,
Frightful, rules the pallid band,
Brooding Melancholy there,
Spreads infection through the air,
Listless stupor, wild despair !
Chilling vapors hence arise,
Vain conceits and phantasies—
Superstition's spectral host
Hover o'er this gloomy coast—
While ever frowning, there I see
At her lone feast, Misanthropy.

When dusky sleep in chains doth bind
All powers but thine, ethereal Mind !
Oft fancy ranges unconfined—
Then horrid thoughts and images
Before the startled vision rise !

Such shadowy, ghastly phantoms teem
In Solitude's more wakeful dream.

May He, who hears the weakest call,
Guide and protect me, lest I fall ;
From his eternal, bounteous store,
Each needful blessing deign to pour ;
From Passion's drear and rugged sway,
Still turn my longing heart away ;
Led by the Power that rules above,
The power of truth, the power of love.

In Devotion, calm and pure,
Cheerful shall the heart endure ;
Hearts, with love and goodness warm,
Like the bow upon the storm,
Rise in beauty, and display
Divinest hues, at closing day !

And hast thou ever known a friend,
Lovely, and pleasant to the end ?
With whom thou hast rejoiced, and wept,
And who within thy heart has kept
A sacred, holy, vestal flame,
Pure as the source from which it came ?

Hast thou e'er seen a look, a smile,
Which thrilled thy happy heart, meanwhile
The stars above were brightly glancing,
And merry Loves about thee dancing ?
When melting words for thee were breathed,
And garlands fair for thee were wreathed,
As rays from Beauty's eye,
When Beauty's hand was clasped in thine,
And Beauty's heart returned the sign,
And beat, approvingly ?

On the celestial hills above,
There bloom immortal flowers,
Transplanted from that land of love,
They gladden earthly bowers ;
But one there is, which stands confess,
The fairest, sweetest, loveliest ;
Live on, bright flower ! as thou wast given,
First, in the smiling wreath, from Heaven !

I love to gaze upon the sky,
Pleasures about my pathway lie,
But O ! without Society,
I drink, and drink, and still am dry.

When some lone traveller spies the far-off goal,
Kindling with rapture, flames his joyous soul ;
Now, each dear object rises to his mind,
He longs to leave his weary way behind—
Sees, for him spread, the waiting feast,
Himself a merry, welcome guest :
Say, will he turn, and flee away,
Or spring to fond Society ?
Such raptures still for thee await,
Inviting to that blissful state.

O blest, yea doubly blest, is he
Whose heart, from life and poetry,
Drinks gladsome cheer !
To please his longing eye,
Thou ever dost supply
Bright forms, Society !
Music, to charm his ear.

But who can thought or language find,
To paint the glories of that mind,
Where Heaven its image has enshrined ?—
Display the portrait, clear and bright,
As pencilled with a ray of light ?

This man, to God, is faithful found,
His virtues shed a fragrance round ;
Enriched with Truth's eternal lore,
He scans the sacred pages o'er ;
Clad in the robes of cheerful day,
A heavenly sunbeam points his way !
Fair Peace unfolds her balmy wing,
And smiling joys before him spring ;
Serene in goodness, still he shines,
He seeks his wealth from Wisdom's mines ;
Around him wait a holy band,
His brow, by angel's wings, is fanned ;
When in affliction's furnace tried,
His heart, like gold, is purified ;
He hates deceit, and dark disguise,
His tongue employs not glozing lies ;
His thoughts, his hopes, his purpose high,
All beam with light and purity—
All, breathe of immortality—
While with his spirit, love and truth
Still blossom in unfading youth ;
His hands are swift, and warm his heart,
The cheering succor to impart—
O, happy they who learn the art !

Like burning stars, on plains of night,
These shine on earth with quenchless light!
Go thou, though priests may turn aside,
Endure the shame for Him who died ;
Raise the bowed down, the right defend,
Sweet is the work, and bright the end.

Still grateful, let the joys of home,
Back to thy mind, as incense come ;
Borne on the wings of memory,
As strains of music wafted by—
Without these gifts, so pure, so free,
What were the beaming skies to thee,
The fresh, green earth, the rolling seas,
Fair sights, or tuneful melodies ?

From the silent mines of thought,
Are the choicest treasures brought ;
Simple truth is brief and bold—
Beating adds not weight to gold.

BEAMS from the sun are bright,
When the sky is clear,
Heaven sheds its own pure light
Through love's atmosphere !

I would not a hermit be,
Chained to rock and rill,
I have loved society,
And I love it still.

Ever burning, ever bright,
Goodness shines with holy light ;
Glorious as the tints of even,
Cheering as the breath of heaven.

Thrice blest is he, who lives to bless,
Whose thoughts with truth abound ;
His path is strown with flowers of peace,
And virtue shields him round.

As when soft music bursts upon the ear,
Pleased with the strains, attentive crowds draw near,

In transport rapt, they listen, they admire,
Their kindling souls reflect the heavenly fire,
From the charmed spot, reluctant to retire—
The music hushed, sweet echoes fill the mind,
To reason's voice, so be my heart inclined !

But heaven-born Virtue ne'er disdains,
With Nature, still, to share
The beauty of her wide domains—
She gleans instruction there !

Yes, I have found in Solitude,
Thither by tempests driven—
Courage to stem life's roaring flood,
And clearer views of Heaven !

Those lustrous lamps which gild night's hall,
When the dark curtains round us fall,
Gleam from the portals of the sky !
They gently guide the uplifted eye,
To realms of light and purity.



Mild is the breath of the evening gale,
Fair is the setting sun,
Rich are the odors the flowers exhale,
When twilight dews come on.

Sweet is the breath of early day,
Pleasant the rising sun,
When waking zephyrs lightly play,
And earth puts glory on !

And beautiful the opening spring,
Its sunshine, and its showers,
When the joyous birds break forth and sing,
And the fields are bright with flowers !

I have sought the pensive bower,
Wandered by the sea,
Watched the glowing sunset hour,
Rapt in ecstacy !
In the vale, and on the mountain,
Quaffed, alone, from Truth's pure fountain—
Bathed in the bright
And soft moonlight,
While on my raptured ear,

And through my soul,
Sweet music stole,
From the charmed atmosphere ;—
Or when the sun, with radiant mirth,
Kisses the dewdrops from the earth,
With step like zephyr free ;
Ranged the hills and valleys over,
Nature's fond, rejoicing lover,
And she smiled on me !
O, in that bright, that golden hour,
Young Fancy plumed her wing with power !—
There, as I soared the realms of thought,
My spirit high revealings caught ;
Then to the world, with joyful haste I fly—
Such wants are mine,
Such charms are thine,
Beloved Society !

IN solitude the bow is bent,
Mid crowds, the winged arrows spent !

WHERESOEVER we turn the eye,
Wisdom's pearls around us lie,
Alone, or in Society!

CRYSTAL fountains, azure skies,
Have no charm without the eyes,
All the beauty in us lies!

IN the iris, clear and bright,
Glisten all the hues of light;
Truth, as wondrously combined,
Beams from the enlightened mind!

OPPOSING forces still unite,
To guide the circling orbs of light!

LET us, then, from heart and tongue,
Pour aloud, the mutual song,
Upward, to the listening skies,
Shall the swelling descant rise !

Give us the sunrise, parting day,
Give us the fair moon's silver ray,
Give us the green fields, waving trees,
Give us the softly-whispering breeze,
Give us the fountain, bubbling clear,
Give us the round of nature's cheer !
Let earth, let sea, let air and sky,
Strike up their varied minstrelsy,
Till the full chorus, rising high,
With thy sweet notes, Society,
 Blend in a strain sublime !
Till echoing hearts ring back reply,
Till melts the deepening harmony,
 In one, melodious chime !

NOTES TO SOLITUDE AND SOCIETY.

NOTE 1—page 10.

And the wood bird's hollow drum.

The partridge, in its woody retreat, as is generally known, often makes a noise which resembles the sound of a drum.

NOTE 2—page 29.

That lyre the glittering stars among.

The lyre of Orpheus, upon which he played with such marvellous skill, that it is said the most rapid rivers ceased to flow, the savage beasts of the forest forgot their wildness, and the mountains moved to listen to his song, is fabled, after his death, to have been transferred to the heavens, forming the constellation called Lyra.

NOTE 3—page 41.

But who shall tell what shameless deeds are done
In thy fair name, O Liberty, beneath the blushing sun !

Mary Jane Philipon Roland, who was brought to the guillotine, Nov. 8th, 1793, in her last moments exclaimed, “O, Liberty, what crimes are committed in thy name !”

NOTE 4—page 42.

Who dyed their footsteps on the Syrian shore ?
 Who purpled Salem with a flood of gore ?

The number of people who perished in the different crusades for the recovery of the holy city from the infidels, has been computed at upward of two millions.

NOTE 5—page 42.

Most shocking is the indulgence given
 To sin, in the great name of Heaven.

If any man, said the retailers of indulgences in the Romish church, purchase letters of indulgence, his soul may rest secure with respect to its salvation. The souls confined in purgatory, for whose redemption indulgences are purchased, “as soon as the money tinkles in the chest, instantly escape from that place of torment, and ascend to heaven !”

Whether indulgences for popular sins are virtually granted by other ecclesiastical bodies, may be a proper subject of inquiry.

NOTE 6—page 44.

The car of wealth rolls o'er the breast of infancy.

“ How long (they say) how long, O cruel nation,
 Will you stand to move the world upon a child's heart—
 Stifle down with a mailed heel its palpitation.
 And tread onward to your throne amid the mart ?
 Our blood splashes upward, O, our tyrants,
 And your purple shows your path ;
 But the child's sob curseth deeper in the silence
 Than the strong man in his wrath ! ”

“ The Cry of the Children,” by ELIZABETH B. BARRETT.

NOTE 7—page 44.

But bowed humanity must bear and weep.

The friendly interest of late manifested in the improvement of the moral and physical condition of seamen, calls aloud for the gratitude and co-operation of every benevolent mind. Still of the oppression and injustice suffered by them, in diversified forms, doubtless the one half has never yet been told. It affords me pleasure to mention the praiseworthy efforts of R. H. Dana, jr., on the behalf of sailors, advocating their claims, and enlisting the sympathies of a community, whose moral sense is steeped by money-opiates nearly to oblivion. To such exertions, with other causes, is to be ascribed the late construction of vessels on a more commodious scale, that humanity, which has been literally, as well as figuratively, bowed by the reign of avarice, may be permitted to stand erect.

NOTE 8—page 45.

Wild, fantastic vagaries.

Mormonism, as one instance of the numberless isms which are fostered by evil association, but which vanish beneath the rays of truth, as mists before the rising sun.

NOTE 9—page 48.

'Tis written on the scroll of time,
That felons' blood increases crime.

At an execution of two persons in England, *forty arrests*, it is stated, were made for similar crimes.

Volumes might be written, showing the unhappy influence of this sanguinary law upon the community. Mr. Livingston remarks: "The most serious and intense reflection has brought my mind to the conclusion, not only that it [the punishment of death] fails in any repressive effect, but that it promotes crime." The following instance is given by him: "John Lechler was executed at Lancaster, Pennsylvania, and while one old offence was atoned for, more than a dozen new ones were committed, and some of a capital grade. Twenty-eight persons were committed to jail on Friday night, for divers offences, at Lancaster, such as MURDER, larceny, assault and battery, &c.; besides, many gentlemen lost their pocket-books, though the pickpockets escaped, or the jail would have overflowed. In the evening, as one Thomas Burns, who was employed as a weaver in the factory near Lancaster, was going home, he was met by one Wilson, with whom he had had some previous misunderstanding, when Wilson drew a knife, and gave him divers stabs, which are considered mortal. Wilson was apprehended, and committed to jail. *The same irons were put on him which had scarcely been laid off by Lechler long enough to get cold.*"

"*Essays on the Punishment of Death,*" by CHARLES SPEAR.

NOTE 10—page 55.

O, might such love thy thoughts control,
As swelled the great apostle's soul.

"And I will very gladly spend and be spent for you; though
the more abundantly I love you, the less I be loved."—2 Cor-
vs, xii. 15.

NOTE 11—page 58.

So bees pursue their various circles round,
And honey, still, in all their paths is found.

It is said that bees extract honey, not only from sweet flowers, but from objects that are offensive, and even poisonous.

NOTE 12—page 63.

To heaven he points his telescopic gaze;
The heavens rekindle, and the planets blaze.

Sir James South thus speaks of the Earl of Rosse's telescope: "The Leviathan telescope, on which the Earl of Rosse has been toiling upward of two years, though not absolutely finished, was, on the 5th of March, 1845, directed to the sidereal heavens. Many nebulae were observed by Lord Rosse, Dr. Robinson, and myself. Most of them were, for the first time since their creation, seen by us as groups or clusters of stars, while some showed no such resolution. Never, however, in my life, did I see such glorious sidereal pictures as this instrument afforded us. Most of the nebulae we saw, I certainly have observed with my own large achromatic; but although that instrument, as far as relates to magnifying power, is probably inferior to no one in existence, yet to compare these nebulae, as seen with it and the six-feet telescope, is like comparing, as seen with the naked eye, the dinginess of the planet Saturn to the brilliancy of Venus."

S O N G O F F A I T H;

AND

O T H E R P O E M S.



SONG OF FAITH.

I seek no vain, no flattering muse,
My numbers to inspire,
I would not court Castalian dews,
Or the Promethean fire !
Nor would I, on ethereal wing,
Bright Fancy's seat explore ;—
I choose the pure, perennial spring,
Where angel bands are hovering,
Where prophets drank of yore,
That I, with new anointed eyes,
May bow beneath the opening skies,
And, seraph-like, adore !

What heavenly sounds salute my ear ?
'T is music from a brighter sphere,
Celestial voices, lo ! I hear,
Hymning, before the eternal throne,
The praises of the Holy One.

Spirit of Truth ! my song indite,
Pour living rays upon my sight !
Instruct my feeble, trembling lyre,
To mingle with the angel choir—
My heart, in unison, to thrill
With theirs, who range the heavenly hill !

But who are these in glory bright ?
Whence came they, all arrayed in white ?
Through tribulations deep, they rise
To the pure joys of Paradise !
They 've washed their robes in Jesus' blood,
And now, before the throne of God,
They serve him with ecstatic joy !
And cease not from their loved employ ;
To him, they all the glory give,
From whom they all the grace receive ;

Wisdom, and strength, and power divine,
Honor and blessing, Lord, be thine !
To Him who washed us in his blood,
Hath made us kings and priests to God—
To him be glory evermore—
So the glad hosts of Heaven adore !

To praise the power of Love divine,
The theme, the glorious theme, be mine ;
To tell the wonders of that grace,
Which stoops so low to bless our race ;
Mortals ! to you the strains belong,
Awake ! and join the immortal song ;—
Who offers praise, shall glorify
The Lord of unseen worlds, on high !

But who shall share a chosen part,
In this blest work, this heavenly art ?
The humblest, meekest, lowliest heart—
The poor in spirit—theirs shall be
The richest, noblest melody.

Who lowest bow, admiring grace,
Are raised to fill the highest place ;

SONG OF FAITH.

They, who earth's fading palms despise,
Wear fadeless laurels in the skies,
And angels chant their victories !

But how shall man, vain man, aspire
To thoughts so grand ? Let worlds admire,
Celestial hosts, with rapture, swell
Thy praises, O Immanuel !
Thee first, thee last, let saints extol,
Redeemer, Savior, Lord of all !

As from the sun we light derive,
Glory and grace are thine to give ;
Let thy blest beams, O Sun divine,
For ever on my spirit shine !

My heart, to purest joys awake,
And thou my tongue, thy silence break,
Heaven's offered bliss let me partake !
On earth, my soul, begin the song,
Thou wouldest to endless strains prolong —
Worthy the Lamb, for sinners slain,
Immortal honors to obtain ;

He lives, he lives, no more to die,
He lives to raise his followers high—
Trust and obey him faithfully.

Attend the promise of his grace,
Wisdom he gives, and righteousness,
Salvation and Redemption spring
From Christ, our Prophet, Priest, and King.

O doubly blest, beyond compare,
His humble, waiting servants are ;
Arrayed in robes of purity,
Their works, the works of charity—
These, in celestial orbits shine,
And beam on earth, with rays divine !

Fixed on the everlasting Rock,
Their souls abide, and know no shock ;
Bright ransomed ones, in glory stand,
Inviting to that better land,
While Faith, and Hope, and Love appear,
Like friendly angels, hovering near !

O tell me not of sylvan shades,
Of sunny skies, or smiling glades,

He does my spirit mighty wrong,
Who would chain down its heavenward song,
To earth, or aught that fades !
A nobler theme my breast inspires—
Be banished hence, all low desires,
Let me ascend on seraph's wing,
And bear my humble offering,
Up to the courts where angels sing !

Even now, I look with joy replete,
Above to the eternal seat,
Where the bright hosts in glory meet—
My heart, their blissful strains repeat !

Who sees the sparrows when they fall,
Will hear his children's softest call,
And will deliver them from thrall —
Nor shall they fear when tyrants frown,
Who soon shall wear a sparkling crown !

To all the lowly sons of grief,
He gently whispers kind relief—
His gracious spirit doth impart,
Sweet words of comfort to their heart ;

He helps their conqu'ring faith to rise
Upward, victorious, to the skies,
And bids them seize the glittering prize !
For ever shall my tongue make known
The grace, to man so freely shown,
Earth shall attend the joyful sound,
The heavenly arches bear it round !

His promises their faith secures,
To endless years, his word endures ;—
All who will trust him, and obey,
Shall evermore have cause to say,—
The Lord has been my help and stay—
A buckler and a shield is he,
A tower to which the righteous flee,
A strong pavilion, where they hide,
And through the raging storm abide.

Though troubles sore, thy spirit press,
Jesus, the Lord, thy Righteousness,
Shall thee restore, and inly bless ;—
The vast creation rests upon his arm,
Who shields thy timorous soul from threatening harm,

Turns from thy breast, the tempter's fiery dart,
And cheers with love thy bowed and fainting heart!

When marshalled hosts of angry foes
Beset thy path, thy way oppose,
And hope is drawing to a close—
Raise, raise to heaven, the imploring eye,
And all the vanquished powers shall fly !

O trust Him in the darkest hour,
In weakness, trust Almighty power !
As morning breaks along the sky,
His smile brings swift deliverance nigh,
Scatters thy dismal shades away,
And turns thy night to glorious day !

Thy heart but lately filled with fear,
Now owns its great Deliverer near !
His mighty hand the victory gave,
His stretched-out arm has power to save ;
The weakest, still, he loves to take,
And vessels to his glory make ;—
All might, all strength is God's alone,
Nature revolves around his throne ;—

Confess his power, adore his grace,
Who makes his love your dwelling-place.

O'er all thy dark, distressing fears,
Joyous, the light of hope appears,
Dispels thy doubts, dries up thy tears ;—
Eternal Wisdom, Love, and Power,
Shall shield thee in the trying hour,
And thou shall bless thy soul's high tower,
And Peace, sweet heavenly Peace, shall twine
Her wreath about that brow of thine !

O, on thy lips, let hallowed fire,
The soul's deep utterance inspire,
Till mortal, with the immortal lyre,
In one blest strain unites,
To waft along
The holy song,
Which heavenly love indites !

T H O U G H T S,

ON SEEING THE STARS AT A DISTANCE FROM HOME.

HAIL, lovely star ! and dost thou shine
To cheer my darksome way—
Still bearing on thy brow divine,
The glistening seal of day ?

And all ye bright, harmonious throng,
That I am wont to see,
With lustre, sparkling into song,
Do ye still shine on me ?

Gems of the upper deep, that fling
On earth serenest light !
Flowers of celestial hue, that spring
Upon the fields of night !
Sweet tokens of His love ye are,
Whose eye is o'er us everywhere.

S N O W.

THE beauteous snow, before our eyes,
Is dancing round and round,
With merry step it quits the skies,
And circles to the ground.

Fair, spangled jewels ! as ye shine,
With lustre all your own,
O, tell us of that home divine,
Whence ye have lately flown !

Who formed you in that high abode ?
Why have ye journeyed thence ?
Are ye commissioned with a load
Of sweet intelligence ?

Have ye not voices ? Let us hear
The welcome words ye speak,
To charm the waiting, listening ear,
And all this silence break.

“ We come from the realms of serener day,
From the clear, blue depths, where the sunbeams play,
And the sea upscatters its dewy spray ;—

But yet the low earth is our parent home—
We watered your fields, we replenished your seas,
Till we were borne up by a heavenly breeze—

And now, to revisit these seats, we have come ;
We have come to declare His wondrous skill,
Who formed us so fair, on the heavenly hill,
Who gave us bright plumage, and beautiful wings,
And voices for song in our wanderings—
Then bade us return, in a gladsome shower,
To publish his praises, his glory and power !”



TO THE FIRST BEAM OF DAYLIGHT.

I HAIL thee, joyous messenger !
Beam of celestial light—
Part of the sun, thou hast begun
To make our pathway bright !

Sweet emblem of those gleams of truth,
Which on the spirit shine—
The faintest ray, the brightest day,
Are both alike divine !

C O L D W A T E R.

A GLASS of cold water,
All sparkling and clear,
Of skies, the fair daughter,
For man, the best cheer !

From streamlet or fountain,
That flows from the mountain,
Drink, drink, of the waters so free ;
There is joy in the sound,
When the streams murmur round—
Cold water, cold water, for me.



HAPPINESS.

SOME dream of happiness, and say
'T is on a fair Isle, far away,
Where skies are bright, and fountains clear,
And spring eternal crowns the year.

Some kneel for it at Fashion's shrine,
Some bend before the ruby wine,
Some grasp at wealth, and some at power,
And some recline in Beauty's bower.

Some dig the bowels of the earth,
To date the hour of nature's birth ;
Some scale the lofty mountain tops,
And some, the silliest, turn fops.

Some range along the flowery meads,
Some drive the fiery, prancing steeds—
But fiery steeds, on fleetest wing,
Ne'er reach the goal for which they spring.

Of some, it is the highest aim,
To climb the pinnacles of fame,
Some would be wise, some would be witty,
And some turn poets, what a pity !

Where, then, shall happiness be found ?
For still she flies the empty round ;—
Lo ! yon, the heavenly form appears,
And Virtue's holy image bears !



F L O W E R S.

FLOWERS, as ye bloom so bright,
Smiling to the sun,
Dressed in robes of richest light,
Fair to gaze upon—

Gentle visitors of earth,
Speaking love to man,
Of your glorious, happy birth,
Tell us if ye can.

“ He, who made the world so fair,
Sea, and sky, so bright,
Decked with beams day’s golden car,
Gemmed the crown of night—

He surveys the vast extent
Of creation o'er,
He, to us our beauty lent—
Would you ask us more?"

In such loveliness arrayed,
Wherefore do ye bloom to fade ?

"Thus, we teach, man's mortal day,
Like the flowers, must pass away,
While our heaven-directed eyes
Point his spirit to the skies!"

LIFE'S JOURNEY.

The same sweet sounds are in my ear,
My early childhood loved to hear.—BRYANT.

I ALWAYS thought the bird that sung
Upon the apple-tree,
Before the door, when I was young,
The happiest of the feathered throng,
Because it sung to me!

It breathed aloft its matin lay,
And poured its joyous minstrelsy,
In notes so sweet and clear,
Though circling spheres
Have measured years,
Its music still I hear.

O how I loved the pebbly streams,
The stars which on me shone,
So beautiful in childhood's dreams —

And blushing flowers,
And leafy bowers,
And these were all my own !

But sin has sped its shafts at me,
And sorrows cloud my brow,
And I am treading tearfully
Upon life's journey now !

The merry birds are singing still,
And blossoms gem the lea,
There's music in the sparkling rill,
And still it flows for me ;

And earth is green beneath my tread,
And zephyrs fan my bower,
And stars are bright above my head,
As in life's morning hour ;

And love has shed its rays on me,
And joy illumines my brow,
And I am speeding gladsomely
Upon life's journey now !



S P R I N G.

ON fleecy clouds, the joyous spring advances,
Merry the lark, on light wing, glances—
Darkening the sky, sweeps the wild goose by,
And the bluebird sings, so pleasantly !
The robin, too, by our cottage-home,
Announces that spring has surely come ;—
It overjoys my heart, to see
The dandelion greeting me ;
While from a neighboring pond, I hear
The frogs proclaim the newborn year !
O yes, the sweet, young voice of spring,
Now, to my heart is whispering,
And music wakes each tuneful string !

TO GOODNESS AND TRUTH.

To Goodness and Truth,
Immortal in youth,
I consecrate my song ;
Earth's beautiful Isle,
Ye illume with a smile,
But to heavenly climes ye belong ;
Of the glorious sun,
It soon shall be said,
Its circuit is run—
Of the stars, they have fled,
But Truth, Love, and Goodness, for ever will
shine,
In brightness unchanged, like their Author Divine !

H Y M N I.

ON every hill and mountain,
I'll sing unto the Lord,
By every cooling fountain,
I'll think upon his word ;
In every humble valley,
By every shady tree,
Through every winding alley,
I'll sing, O Lord, to thee,
For thou hast been my Portion,
And ever more shalt be ;
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest,
Still I'll proclaim my Maker blest,
And goodness, like a river,
Shall flow, O Lord, to me,
And thine, alone, for ever
The praise and glory be !

H Y M N I I.

I'LL thank Him for the rugged cliff,
I'll thank Him for the river,
And for the gentle purling stream,
I'll praise the glorious Giver.

I'll thank Him for the verdant fields,
The deep retiring grove,
For flowers, that spring about my feet,
And the bright skies above.

I'll thank Him for the mountain wild,
And for the boundless sea,
But more I'll praise, that Mercy's wave
Has flown so sweet to me !

H Y M N I I I.

To Him whose hand has led me,
Who guides my steps to day,
To Him, through all life's journey,
Would I commit my way :
 So shall I brave
 The roaring wave,
 And fear no ill—
For God in whom I hope,
 Has held me up,
 And will hold me still,
 Saying, Fear not !
For He, who bounds the oppressor's rage,
Shall thy tumultuous woes assuage,
Thy griefs shall be forgot !

H Y M N I V.

"Turn away mine eyes from beholding vanity."—PSALM cxix. 37.

FROM sin's alluring vanities,
From the vain world, turn off mine eyes,
Rend every fair, deceitful guise,
That hides her lying flatteries ;
While to my heart, that joy be given,
Which breathes on earth, the airs of heaven !

Let Truth, celestial guide, impart
Her living radiance to my heart,
Disperse my darkness, cleanse my sight,
Onward, and upward, cheer my flight ;
Thus may I keep the righteous way,
While heavenly sunbeams round me play,
Still bright'ning to the perfect day !

H Y M N V.

To Him, who in thy hour of need,
To thy imploring voice gave heed,
To heaven's eternal glorious King,
My soul, thy first, best tribute bring.

His love shall purge thy stains away,
In conflict, be thy shield and stay,
Preserve thee from the hidden snare—
O, be his service all thy care !

If frowning hate my days attend,
Forsake me not, thou heavenly Friend,
And if more prosperous skies shall shine,
Be all my treasure still divine.

Thus winds of joy and sorrow here,
Shall waft me to that holier sphere,
Then, O my soul, unfurl thy sails,
Receive and bless the friendly gales !

H Y M N VI.

I ASK not for fame, I ask not for wealth,
I ask not for pleasure, I ask not for health,
But O for that mercy which dawns on the soul,
When the heart deeply wounded, by love is made
whole ;
Deeply wounded by sin, affrighted, distressed,
His love made me whole, be my God ever blest !



H Y M N VII.

WHEN I feel thy presence near me,
O my gracious heavenly king,
When thy mercy sweetly cheers me,
Shall my lips thy mercy sing.

O condescend to be my guide,
Where'er I rest or rove,
Ever keep me near thy side,
Bind me with thy love !
Sheltered by thy friendly aid,
Wherfore am I still afraid ?

H Y M N V I I I.

BREAK forth and sing,
Glad praises bring,
Jehovah is Lord,
Hope in his word,
Glorious King !

Even me he hears,
Dries up my tears,
Bids me rejoice,
Now doth his voice,
Silence my fears.

Savior divine !
On my heart shine ;
Great to deliver,
Now, and for ever,
Let me be thine !

THE END.

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MAY 7 - 1953

